The FEMINIZATION of Jim Stanton !

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

"The FEMINIZATION of Jim Stanton!" by RUTH

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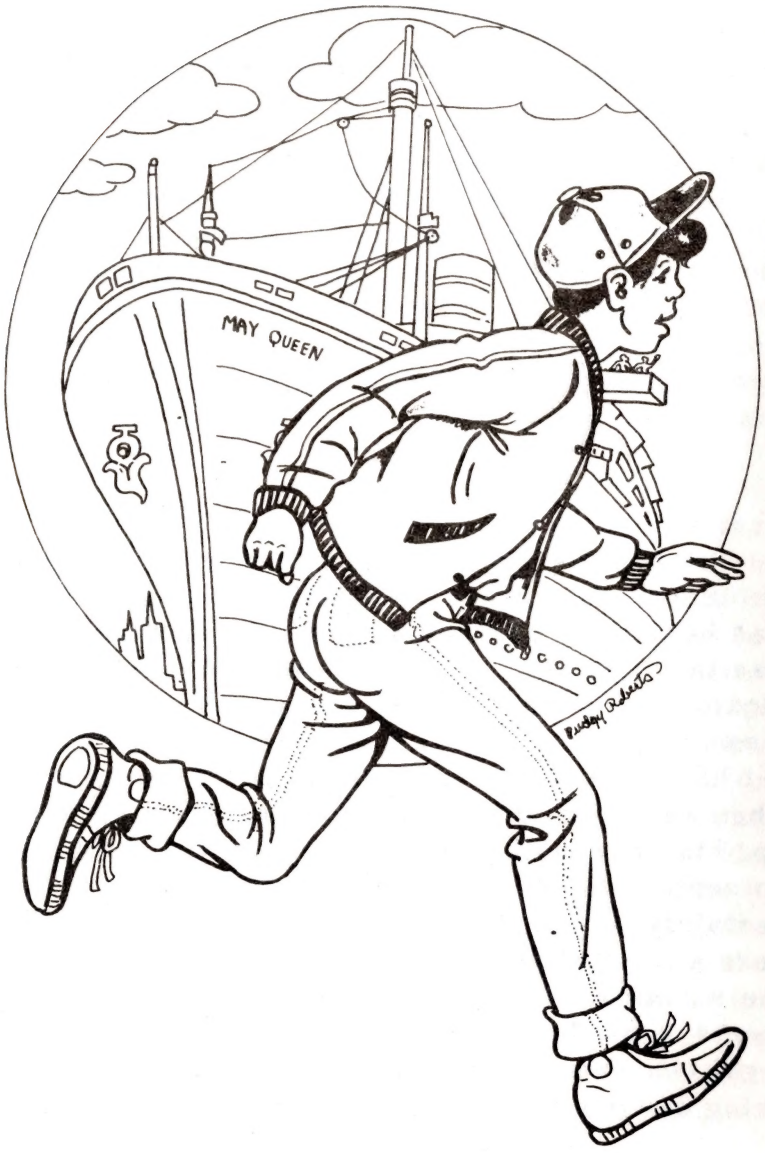


When the May Queen sailed from Brest, Jim Stanton's troubles began. The French coast was barely out of sight before his hiding place was taken away by a large trunk that filled the closet beneath the companion way where he had stowed away. Luckily, he had sneaked away to get himself something to eat at the time. But when he returned to find the hiding place locked up, his heart skipped a beat. If he didn't find someplace to hide before night, he would most certainly be questioned by one of the ship's officers after the other passengers had retired to their cabins. Then, in a matter of time, arrangements would be made to return him to Brest for legal charges. He must get to New York without being discovered. In Brest there was a certain

woman of powerful influence who had very humiliating plans for him. Doubtless, she had at least one spy on this same ship to watch for him. If she should get Jim back, it would mean emasculation for him! That was why he had fled from Miss Teate, and why he must escape at all costs. He had fallen into her clutches and already his body bore evidence of her cruel and unnatural treatment. He must get away!

The companionway he had found was far below decks and not much used. There was no better place to hide in anywhere. He would have to get in the closet, despite the fact it was locked now. He had a penlight in his pocket. Searching around by its light, he found a woman's hairpin. He straightened it and began picking at the lock. This was not the first time he had resorted to this means of entry. After a few minutes, he heard the tumblers turn and he opened the closet. The trunk stood on one end and filled all the space, not leaving enough room even for a hat. Immediately he went to work on the trunk lock. In a short while he was gratified by the clicking of its mechanism. Carefully, he unfastened the lid and began opening it. As he had hoped, it was a costume trunk with garments hung in the longwise position

so that nothing fell out when it was opened. The trunk was filled with a lady's wardrobe, and looked as if it could belong to a model. Silks and laces hung thickly in both of the compartments, but he was able to squeeze in among them and pull the lid after him. He had just enough room to reach around the lid from inside the trunk and shut the closet door. A space under the door admitted air for him to breathe. He had an ideal hiding place!! Feeling secure, he ate his food and relaxed.

All went well for the rest of the day, and shortly before evening he went up on deck for some air. As darkness came on, a sudden squall surprised him, soaking him completely before he was able to get below decks again. Regaining his secret place, he decided to remove his wet clothes and leave them on a warm steam pipe to dry. The pipe was in a dark area just beyond the closet, where no one would be likely to notice the wet garments. After he dried himself as long as he dared beside the pipe, he opened the closet and crept inside the trunk for the night. He found it was not so bad, snuggling amongst the feminine dresses and gowns in the nude. He even found a

nice satin robe to sit on. It wasn't too long before he had himself reasonably comfortable and drifted into a pleasant, dreamfilled sleep.

It was early the next morning when he woke. He knew immediately something was amiss. The trunk he was in was moving, and there were voices outside! He was on some kind of hand truck, being conveyed to another part of the ship. He felt the motion of an elevator lifting him to the top deck. He heard the sounds of the ocean and of passengers walking past him, then the trunk was moved along the deck. Jim prayed against having it fall accidentally overboard with him inside! At last, it stopped moving and he heard a knock on a door. A woman answered. A man announced his business, deposited the trunk inside the lady's cabin, and left Jim to his new fate.

Jim cringed against the back of the trunk. He wondered if the woman would open it and scream at the sight of a naked man inside. He was absolutely helpless. He didn't dare move a muscle. He heard the woman speak, and another female voice answered. So now he had to contend with two terrified women. He could never get away!

Then his fears were realized as he heard the noise of a key in the trunk. Suddenly, the lid was thrown open and Jim was looking straight into the face of his most dreaded enemy------- Miss Teate!

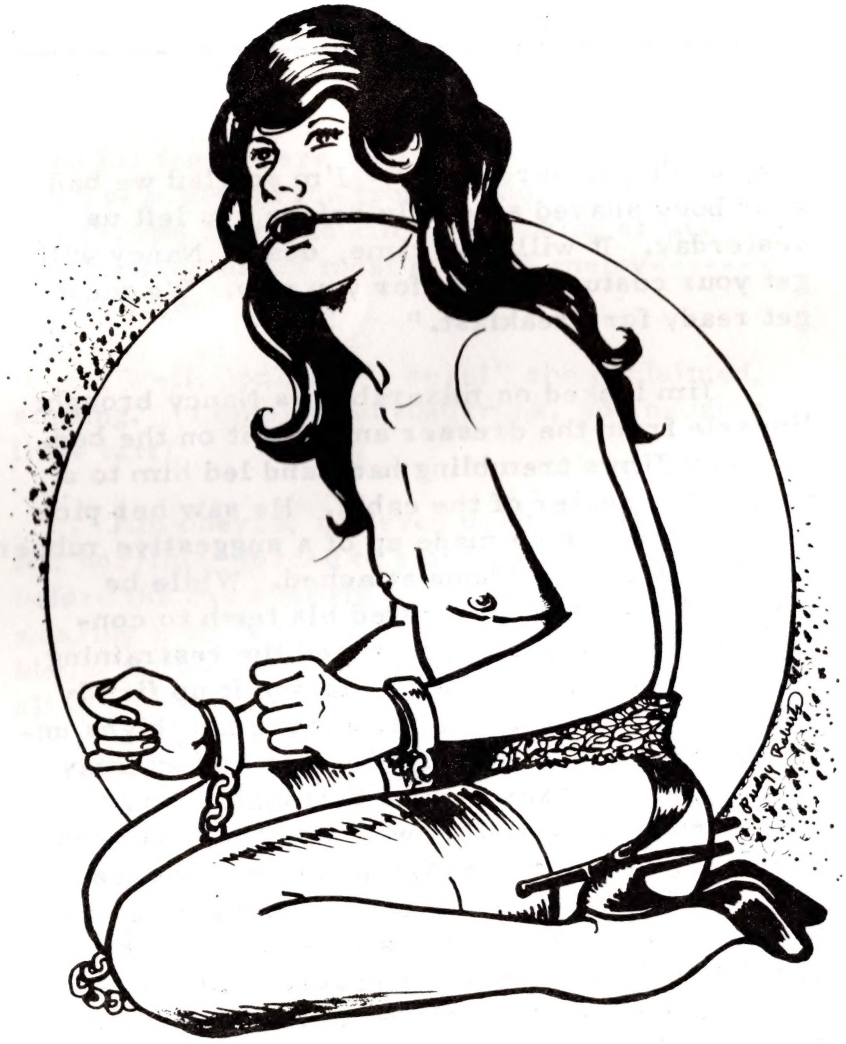
"Well, look who's here!" she exclaimed, smiling. "Come out of that trunk, you naughty little tart!"

Jim obeyed, not even daring to speak. He felt horrible, forced to stand in his birthday suit before the two shapely women. Miss Teate was wearing a black satin skirt and an enticing silky blouse with a plunging neckline. Her heels were all of five inches high. Her friend, Nancy, wore a pink satin robe and high-heeled slippers. Both girls were stunning blonds, blessed with exceptional figures.

"So, darling, you thought you'd run out on me?" Miss Teate said as she walked to the cabin door and locked it and closed the blinds. "You see, I knew just where I would find you. It was only a matter of time and you would be discovered. This way it will be easier for every-

one, don't you agree? And I'm so glad we had your body shaved smoothly before you left us yesterday. It will save time, dear. Nancy will get your costume ready for you now. We must get ready for breakfast."

Jim looked on miserably as Nancy brought lingerie from the dresser and laid it on the bed. She took Jim's trembling hand and led him to a spot in the center of the cabin. He saw her pick up a special device made up of a suggestive rubber pouch with satin ribbons attached. While he clenched his fists and gritted his teeth to control himself, she deftly fastened the restraining garment between his thighs, lacing it up firmly and tying the ribbons tightly around his thighs until all trace of his masculinity was tucked away from sight. He was now as thoroughly impotent as any eunuch. But this was only the beginning of his emasculation and feminization! Worse still, he knew it was useless to struggle against his captors. Miss Teate had the power to put him into a French prison and leave him there. His only hope was to wait for a new opportunity to escape this awful woman's punishment against him for once causing her public embarrassment. Her thirst for revenge was insatiable.



With a smirk that spoke volumes, Nancy picked up a pair of black panties edged with lace and handed them to Jim. Obediently, and with a reddened face, he took the frilly garment and stepped into it, pulling the close fitting unmentionables snugly up to his waist. The moment they were tugged in place, he felt the blood rushing hotly to his face and looked quickly away as Miss Teate and Nancy laughed tauntingly. Nancy took a lacy garter belt and hooked it at his waist, then Jim had to slip a pair of sheer nylons on his smooth legs, followed by black patent leather shoes with six-inch heels and satin bows. He stood biting his tongue while Nancy fitted a tiny laced corset round him and pulled the strings agonizingly tight. So tightly did she lace him in this garment that she was compelled to press her knee into Jim's back to prevent him falling over backward! When she finished and tied the strings with a bow, both girls were delighted to observe tears starting from Jim's eyes and streaming silently down his cheeks. He could not hide this evidence of his shame and humiliation from them, try as he may.

Next, Jim was forced to put on a bra made

with satin and dainty lace. It was tightly filled with padding, and something worse--in front of the padding on each cup was a piece of extremely coarse sandpaper which pressed against the captive's sensitive nipples when the bra was fastened on. To make this even more effective, the bra Miss Teate had selected for him was so tight it could only be hooked in place by Nancy's forceful exertions at Jim's back. When this was done, every breath Jim took caused the sandpaper to rub painfully on his tender nipples, a constant reminder of the kind of suffering he must endure in his role as a female.

His next garment was a dainty white slip with pleats round the hem and a lace bosom. As he put it on, he felt his male identity disappearing while the image of a girl was gradually taking its place. He stepped gingerly into the full pink skirt Miss Teate brought out for him. It was a bell-shaped skirt and fitted closely around his corseted waist, swelling around his hips with girlish emphasis. Over this he was made to wear an enchanting white silk blouse with rows of ruffles and lace over the bosom and buttons down the back. He was amply sprayed with flowery perfume until he felt dizzy from it.

Now came the most uncomfortable part of it. First, he was forced to put his hands into two deep pockets at the front of the skirt. Inside the pockets, and hidden from sight, were a pair of gold manacles with a golden chain that connected them beneath the skirt. Jim's wrists were locked in these manacles, making him quite unable to use his hands, because if he should try to draw them out of the pockets he would be forced to raise his skirt, to which the bonds were sewn, thus attracting unwanted attention to his frilly slip and feminine legs. And to remind him not to take long, unladylike strides, Nancy strapped on an unusual type of leather harness, or hobbles, under his skirts and tightly around his thighs. With this restraint in place, Jim was ordered to walk around the room. He found he could only take short, mincing steps because the harness held his legs closely together at the thighs, restricting his movements.

The skirt and slip just covered the peculiar device with no more than an inch to spare, so Jim would have to hope there would be no playful breezes on deck which might expose him to ridicule.

Another leather harness was now added. It consisted of a most remarkable hollow rubber sheath attached to a long leather strap. The sheath was inserted into Jim's mouth and pressed in all the way to the end, then it was strapped in this position by the harness which ran around the back of his head and fastened at the back. Connected to the strange rubber gag was an ordinary sink stopper on a small chain. "Are you comfortable now, miss?" Nancy asked their helpless male captive. As Jim tried to speak, she took hold of the stopper and plugged it tightly into the sheath, where it fit perfectly. Thus, the captive "slave-girl" was unable to utter a sound!

As Jim saw what Miss Teate brought out from a suitcase, his eyes opened wide with fear and anticipation. In her hands she held a likeness of a pretty girl's face in rubber, lacking only makeup and hair. The rubber mask fitted entirely over Jim's head, including a feminine neck that reached beneath his silky blouse so no one could tell it was not his own skin. Small holes in the eyes permitted Jim to see out. He was seated before a dressing table and mirror while Nancy went to work with lipstick, eye shadow, pencil, and other makeup un-

til the mask looked real as life. A lovely brunette wig was placed over the top, with cascades of curls, ringing round the neck and over Jim's feminine shoulders. His ears, which stuck through holes at the sides, were adorned with glittering earrings. Who would know that under this delightfully feminine face was a captive man with a cruel plug in his mouth!

Transformed, humiliated, manacled, and silenced, Jim stood before his captors and cried silently and like a little girl under the rubber mask, his tears unseen and unavailing. He was totally impotent and emasculated, unable in any way to prove his manhood or to revolt against the becoming woman's image which now predominated and belied his natural and inner identity. He could not show by his walk that he was not now a girl, due to the overwhelming restraint of the hidden harness, together with the high, feminine shoes that threatened to topple him forward unless he walked like a young girl. He could not show by his figure that he was not a female, due to the powerful effects of the corset and the satin bra. Neither could he show by his voice who he was, since he could not speak. He was not able

to demonstrate any strength, as his hands were manacled in the pockets of his flowing skirt. Neither could he remove any part of his girl's disguise, since the wig was fastened to the mask on his head, none of the attire could be removed without the use of his hands, and even his shoes strapped on his feet had tiny buckles which he could not undo. Now he was entirely at the mercy of Miss Teate and Nancy, who could do whatever they liked with him! He stood mutely while hot tears ran down his face, completely contradicted by the reflection the nearby mirror gave him of a calm, alluring brunette in her twenties who seemed to look back at him with innocent surprise.

Now, as if to prove what a miserably inadequate male he was in high heels, Miss Teate stepped boldly in front of him and looked him right in the face as she undid her blouse. Taunting him further, she parted the open blouse, revealing glimpses of her full breasts through the lace of her slip's bodice, for she had no bra on under it. She removed the blouse and tossed it on the bed, then ran her hands slowly over her bodice, cupping her breasts and lifting them

provocatively. She swayed her hips in her satin skirt, watching Jim's eyes through the openings in the girl-mask. She saw his mouth working at the rubber gag beneath the mask. She smiled and began lowering the straps of her slip.

Hardly knowing what he was doing, Jim began to sway his hips under the full pink skirt and minced around theroom like a pretty fashion model. He was walking on his toes mostly, gracefully turning and admiring his female image in the mirror. He thrust out his bosom, ignoring the abrasive contact of the sandpaper on his nipples, looking only at the effect in the mirror of his lovely breasts poking proudly through the silk blouse. He loved this new image suddenly, and wanted to hold and kiss this girl, forgetting it was only himself in disguise. When he turned away from the mirror, he saw Miss Teate with her creamy breasts exposed!

She was holding them, passing her thumbs lightly over the swelled nipples, pressing her fingers around the wonderous mounds. She reached out to the dresser and got some hand lotion, which she applied to both nipples, letting the milk-

y liquid run slowly down over the fullness of her breasts. She smiled as Jim gazed at the sight of the white cream oozing between her lovely globes, and a wave of dizziness rushed over him. He tried to lift his hands, but his skirt raised with them until the hem was high above his knees and thighs. Seeing his hands were manacled, he dropped them back into the pockets, suddenly ashamed at the display of lace and nylon. He felt foolish as he realized he had been afraid the girls might see his panties.

Miss Teate then proceeded to spread the lotion over her breasts, working it into the skin with deliberate movements of her hands. Giddy, Jim sat down and watched. Instantly, Nancy came over and slapped his face several times with great force and made him stand. "How dare you sit without permission, you little shrew!" she scolded. He felt the sting of the powerful slaps through the thin rubber mask just the same as if they had been delivered to his own face. He stood and trembled at Nancy's sudden display of wrath.

"You need a little schoolgirl discipline,"

she went on. "What is your name, little girl? Speak up! Oh, cat's got your tongue, eh? Well, since you don't even know your own name, we'll just call you Sissy" Then she ordered him to lean forward and raise his hands. As he did so, the skirt and slip lifted high, revealing the thin black panties stretched tightly over his seat. Nancy got a large paddle from the trunk. The face of the paddle was covered with hard rubber knobs about one-half inch high. She aimed about a dozen blows at the exposed panties until she saw Jim's thighs above the nylons were all red. She gave him one final smack that made the panties flutter! Jim's legs were shaking uncontrollably as he strove to keep his balance on the skyscraper heels.

Meanwhile, during all this punishment, Miss Teate continued to work the lotion onto her breasts within a few inches of her captive's eyes. Once, her breast accidentally touched Jim and she gave him a smarting slap across the face. When the discipline was over, he was crying like a baby. It became necessary to take off the mask and wash his face. Miss Teate even removed the stopper and squirted some cold water into his

mouth from a syringe. Whether she did this out of sympathy or not, Jim couldn't say. But since she did it by forcing the syringe deeply into the rubber sheath and squeezing such a quantity of water in with the rubber bulb pressed against his mouth that he almost choked, he decided it was just another kind of amusement at his expense. Immediately after, she replaced the plug in his mouth and put the girl-mask and wig over his head. He stood submissively and watched while Miss Teate toweled her bosom and pulled her slip in place. She donned her silk blouse, buttoned it up, and ran her hands over the front of it several times for Jim's benefit.

All this worked up an appetite, so the girls decided to go to breakfast. Nancy took a pink sweater and draped it over Jim's shoulders, leaving it open in front to show off his pretty blouse. "Be sure you don't drop your sweater overboard, Sissy!" she warned him. The girls took their own sweaters along and opened the cabin door. Jim was led out on deck in the troublesome high heels and other apparel, then the door was locked behind him. He could only go along with his captors, being unable to get back

into the cabin alone. They tripped lightly down the deck, filling the morning air with the sound of women's heels. Fortunately for Jim, the sea was calm and he was able to do a fairly good imitation of a girl's walk without stumbling on the painfully tall heels. As he walked, he was conscious of the bright sunshine blazing on his frilly blouse and inviting unwanted attention from passing strollers. Nancy looked him up and down and made a funny face at him. "How did you ever get such glamourous looking legs, Sissy?" she teased. Her bubbling mirth left him in a state of confusion.

In the dining room the two girls sat facing Jim over the table. As they studied the menu, he was dismayed to see a number of faces turned in the direction of his table. Miss Teate and Nancy in their satin skirts and with their extraordinary figures were attracting quite a lot of admiring looks. And, to his horror, Jim realized he was also being admired in his stunning feminine outfit. To all outward appearances, he was now a gorgeous brunette, enchantingly dressed and extremely desirable. No one would guess that a tortured male was hopelessly trapped be-

hind the girl's mask and beneath the frills and laces.

Tortured was the word. When the waiter came with looks of approval for the feminine display at his table, Jim cringed. Miss Teate gave her order, then nodded at Jim and said to the waiter, "This girl isn't ordering--she's not hungry this morning." Jim's heart fell. He was starving. He had hoped they would order something for him and bring it back to their cabin for him to eat. Here was the kind of cruel treatment he had tried to escape from when he ran away at Brest. But it had all been for nothing. He was back in the power of his tormentors, without the faintest hope of release in sight. He would probably be taken straight back to France and installed in Miss Teate's mansion as her permanent maid! Again the tears welled in his eyes as he sat mutely and watched the waiter place the breakfasts on the table. Miss Teate and Nancy enjoyed themselves as they ate up their eggs and bacon, toast, jelly, coffee, and juice in front of their suffering captive. They made little jokes about how "Sissy" had to watch her weight, then laughed at him.

When they returned to their cabin, Jim was in for a new ordeal. "You naughty thing!" Miss Teate scolded. "How could you refuse to eat breakfast with us like that? Why, you positively humiliated us! You shall have to be punished, I'm afraid. And this will be something you'll remember, I promise you, Sissy!"

Jim was shaking all over as the women prepared him for new punishment. He was short for a man, which fitted in perfectly with Miss Teate's plans for Him. Being only a bit above five feet and of a small frame, he could pass for a younger girl. And that was exactly what Miss Teate had in mind! Nancy quickly removed the menacles from Jim's wrists so he could take his hands out of the pockets of his skirt to undress himself. Nervously, he took off his silk blouse, skirt, and slip as the girls looked on. He was not allowed to get out of the feminine wig and mask. In a few moments he was standing in lingerie and high heels. He hesitated hoping he had done enough.

"What are you waiting for?" Miss Teate demanded. "Take off that bra and panties, too!

And you will take off your heels and nylons. I know you love to wear them, darling, but I'm afraid you are still too young to be dressing in such things." This drew a snickering laugh from Nancy, who had already got out a little girl mask to put on Jim's head. When he had removed everything but the tiny satin ribbons and rubber pouch that concealed his true identity, Nancy changed the masks and wig. Looking in the mirror, Jim saw he now had the face of a sweet young girl of about sixteen and with blond hair done in pageboy style. His mouth was still plugged under the mask so he couldn't speak. But this didn't show in the mirror. The reflection showed only a small, pert mouth that blended charmingly with a cute pug nose and dreamy blue eyes. Shiny golden hair draped down over the place where each ear was admitted egress. Nancy reached under the soft curls and clipped a new set of earrings to Jim's lobes. The new earrings had tiny silver baby booties hanging from them--just perfect for his new role.

"Here are the right panties for a girl your age, dear," Nancy said as she handed them to Jim. The panties were white with little red

lollypops printed all over, and a tiny wisp of lace at the legs. He put them on over his constricting modesty device, unable to decide if it was better covering himself with these baby things or having nothing on at all. Miss Teate increased his discomfort by tugging the panties up more in back.

"My goodness, you'll need a special foundation garment to keep that tummy in properly!" Miss Teate remarked, looking at Jim's waist. She had Nancy help their young ward into a really small girdle and bra combination made of stretchy material and ornamented all around with white satin. It took the combined efforts of Nancy and Jim to pull the obstinate garment up his body and into position. Just when he was feeling relieved that no sandpaper had been inserted inside, Jim discovered that a thick pad sewn across the bra cups and lined with sharply pointed rubber studs. With the bra fixed firmly in place, the pointed studs rested against his already sore nipples. However, there seemed to be nothing inside the bra cups to force the studs against him. He hoped this would go unnoticed.

"We'd better do something about this," Miss

Teate said, squeezing the ineffectual breasts of his costume. She inserted a straw into an opening in the bra and blew into it. This inflated a special airtight pad in each cup until the bra was filled to bursting and the rubber studs inside were pressing hard against Jim's skin. When she was done, the bra had a perfect shape, its handsome satin exterior belying the hidden torture of the pointed studs beneath.

"Well, you're certainly a well-endowed child for your age," Nancy told him. Then, smiling wickedly, she added, "Do you get the point, darling?" Both women laughed cruelly.

Next, Jim was made to don a pair of sheer black nylons that fastened to the girdle. So tight was the girdle that he could barely bend over to get into the stockings. When he had pulled them all the way up to his thighs and hooked them in place, the glamourous nylons lent his legs a wonderful look, enhancing the tone of his complexion in a pleasing, feminine way that beguiled the eye. To complete the charm, his feet were forced into close fitting patent leather pumps with straps and silver buckles. Two golden shackles were clamped

on his thighs and locked with a key which Nancy kept in her bra. A short gold chain connected the shackles and restricted Jim to taking only short, girlish steps. He groaned inwardly at the pressures the girdle, shackles, and rubber studs forced on him. The subjugation he was experiencing was completely mortifying, and he wished he had never been born a man so that Miss Teate could do these shameful things to him for her revenge.

Jim's eyes opened wide as he saw the slip Nancy held up to him. It was surely far too small to ever go on him. Yet, he was told to get into it! He was afraid he would tear the delicate lace and split the seams as he struggled violently to pull the tiny confection on. The girls got a big laugh out of watching their victim twisting and turning on his toes as he wormed his way into the silky slip. But it did fit, amazingly, due to the altering effect of the powerful girdle. Once Jim was in it, he believed he would never get the slip off again. This gave him a feeling of being totally trapped in lace and silk!

Another surprise came when he was handed a girl's taffeta party dress in light blue. It looked even tinier than the slip! It took him more than five

minutes to struggle into it and get it zipped up in back. Then Nancy attached an unusual little padlock to the zipper that prevented anyone undoing the dress without the key, which also was kept in her bra with the other. Jim was led to the dressing table with skirts rustling, sat down, and given the finishing touches with pink lipstick, blue eye shadow, and other makeup until the mask looked real as life. He gazed in disbelief at the beautiful creature in the mirror. He had been transformed into a ravishing sixteen-year-old girl!

"Here, brush your hair, Sissy, while we get our dresses out," Miss Teate told him as she gave him a hairbrush. He started brushing, smoothing his blond hair back with his free hand and watching his reflection as if it were another girl. He couldn't understand how this had been done to him. He was even moving like a girl!

The next phase of Jim's ordeal was equally distressing. He was to be the girl's dressing maid. First Nancy stood before him and had him remove her clothing. As he took off her blouse and her satin skirt, his hands shook. Fearfully, he raised the hem of the slip, viewing the exposed thighs and the lace at the legs of her pink panties. He stopped for a moment to catch his breath.

"What are you staring at down there, you mischievous girl?" she chided. "Keep your mind on what you're doing, or I'll let you have the paddle again!"

Jim snapped out of it and quickly lifted the slip. He tried not to look at the tight fitting panties and the gorgeous satin bra that strove in vain to hold her bosom within its soft confines. As he took the slip off her head, he caught Nancy's eyes fixed on his and they seemed to read his very thoughts. She laughed gaily and kissed him lightly on the lips. This filled him with confusion and caused him to drop the slip on the floor. He quickly picked it up and hung it in the closet. Then he looked to Nancy for instructions.

"Bring over my black lace bra and my matching panties, slowpoke," she ordered. "And bring my talc."

Jim's heart beat wildly as he took the desired articles from her drawer. He placed them on the bed and went to work removing the satin bra. He tried in vain not to look at her splendid bosom as the bra fell away in his hands. Her nipples were large and rosy, and her breasts stood out proudly and firm, quivering slightly as she breathed. He hastily busied himself with the panties. As he lowered them care-

fully over her high heels, he feared he might rip them. Just as quickly, he replaced them with the new pair, shutting his eyes tightly as he pulled the panties firmly into place. He held up the black bra, but she stopped him.

"Not yet. Powder themfirst," she said.

His face burned under the girl-mask as he understood what she meant by "them". The torture was all any male could endure as he shook the talc on her breasts and began spreading it lightly with his fingers. To make matters worse, she pushed her chest out at him and moved herself against his hands ever so lightly and purposefully. It was with infinite relief that he finally slipped the bra over her and contained those enticing charms within the lacy cups where they could no longer torment him to such an alarming degree. This kind of awful treatment could make a man lose his mind, he thought. Not to mention the humiliation of being changed into a girl and made absolutely impotent!

After that, it was not so terrible dressing Nancy in her slip and silky gown. The only difficulty was with the buttons on the dress, which went all the way up the front. And it was a fairly tight dress. But after much fumbling and poking in awkward places, he managed it. Then he had the same or-

deal with Miss Teate. However, she had put lotion on her chest and didn't require any talc, so Jim was spared that much. The only trouble in her case was she insisted on wearing panties which laced all the way up the front, like a corset. And they also had to be laced in back!

At last, he finished dressing the girls and they were all ready to go out. Judging from the dresses they were all wearing, Jim guessed they were going to a party. But nothing had been said about giving him anything to eat. He wished Miss Teate could be decent enough to see that he didn't starve. But she didn't appear to be concerned about it. Again, they led him outside, after making him don a pair of white gloves and handing him a dainty white purse to carry.

The bright afternoon sun blazed on their dresses as they passed along the deck. Looking down, Jim saw a flash from the buckles on his shoes and saw his nylon-clad legs gleaming alongside the two women's legs on either side of him. He couldn't quite supress a feeling of pride at his feminine loveliness, despite the circumstances under which this transformation was made possible. If only Miss Teate weren't so cruel, he might even find a peculiar sort of pleasure in his new role as a girl. After all, he thought, girls do have their particu-

lar good points!

With a very noticeable swishing and rustling, Jim was ushered into a large ballroom where a dance was in progress. He had guessed correctly. Miss Teate handed three tickets to a man at the door, then took Jim aside to speak with him. "This little treat will be rather new to you, Sissy," she explained. "But I m sure the experience will do you good. You need considerable practice in being a proper girl of good breeding. So you are going to dance with some of those handsome young gentlemen you see standing across the room. I'm sure they will consider it an honor to have such a pretty thing as you for a partner!" She and Nancy broke into broad grins, while poor Jim shook his head in dissent and hoped it was just a jest.

However, it was clear Miss Teate meant it. She explained to him that he would be passed off as a girl with a serious case of laryngitis, and therefore unable to speak. If he did not cooperate fully, he would receive a much worse punishment later. Jim knew this was no idle threat. But he was desperate to escape the present dilemma. To be forcefully disguised as a girl was not so terrible as to find himself dancing with another male! He could not bear the idea of another man touching him while he was dressed in this embarrassing fashion. Some-

how, he must get away.

Just as Miss Teate and Nancy had begun talking with two men, a waiter chanced to pass between Jim and the others. In an instant, Jim ducked around the waiter in time to reach an exit before the girls could catch him. Losing not a moment, he fled into an adjoining passageway lined with closed doors. Trying one of the doors and finding it open, he slipped into a lighted room and shut the door after him. The echo of his heels had hardly died away in the corridor before he heard the two women run past outside the door. They had not seen him leave the hall. For the moment, he was safe.

He looked around and saw he was in someone's apartment. As the lights were on, there must be an occupant in one of the other rooms. Before he could decide what to do, he heard footsteps and saw a woman enter the room. She was quite attractive, nicely dressed, and evidently prepared to go out. She stopped and was about to say something to him when Jim, overcome by the day's exertions and his famine, fell to the floor in a swoon!

When he opened his eyes again, he was lying on a sofa. The rubber girl-mask had been removed from his head and the cruel gag taken off. The woman

he had seen was bending over him, offering him a drink of water. Her look showed gentle concern.

"You'd better drink this," she told him. "You've had a fainting spell." She smiled as Jim accepted the glass. He drank it down as she took in the details of his masquerade with a glance. "It looks as though you've been the victim of some prankster," she added. She raised her eyebrows inquiringly.

Hopeful at last of finding release from his tormentors, Jim confided all his adventures to Julia, his new-found benefactress. She listened with rapt attention, never taking her eyes off him. At first, he appreciated her interest. But before he finished his tale, he began to feel uneasy at the unusual intensity of the woman's expression. She seemed to regard him almost as if he were a ghost. Yet, she was not afraid. Finally he told her the whole story. It was followed by a rather awkward silence.

"Forgive me for staring," she apologised, helping him up. "It isn't just the fact that you are in that dress, Jim. You see, it . . so happens you look very much like someone I once knew. Here, let me show you."

She went to a small table across the room and re-

turned with a picture in a frame. It was of a woman in her twenties. The remarkable thing about it was how closely the woman's face resembled Jim's. It was as if he were looking at his twin sister. At the bottom of the picture were the words, "Love, Shirley". Jim studied the picture, then handed it back to Julia. He agreed the resemblence was uncanny.

"It's more than uncanny," she said, still comparing the picture with his face. "If you would permit me to try an experiment, Jim, it would be my pleasure to invite you to have lunch with me. If you've fasted for so long as you tell me, that offer must sound reasonable enough." Jim quickly accepted.

Julia led him into the bedroom and sat him at her dressing table. Before them stood the usual array of jars of cream, tubes of lipstick, perfume bottles, and all sorts of makeup and beauty aids that females are apt to keep on hand. Jim soon guessed what her experiment would be about. She propped the picture of her old friend by the mirror and went to work on Jim's face, making his face so feminine and so much like the other girl's that he could hardly believe the result. When Julia set a becoming wig with long, black tresses on his head, the dramatic change was done. He had never imagined

he could look so much like a real girl!

Julia had him stand so she could look him over. "It's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "You have her looks, her height, everything!" Suddenly, she leaned close and kissed him softly on the lips. Then, taking him by the hand, she sat with him on the edge of the bed and told him the story of her friend, Shirley. It was the story of a loving friendship between two young girls who had been inseparable. But it ended sadly with a plane accident in which Shirley had died. Julia had never really gotten over her loss. For years she had searched in vain for someone who could take her friend's place, or at least help ease the aching of her heart. But she had never met another friend like Shirley.

"You could be my friend!" she told Jim excitedly. "I mean, you could be Shirley! Don't you see? You obviously have the ability, and it's not as if you hadn't ever been a girl. I mean, you know what it's like, at least. And this way you could escape from this horrid Miss Teate you spoke of. As you said, she has so much power she could find you anyplace if you're not disguised. Her spies would never find you out if you posed as Shirley. And you could always stay with me and be my closest, dearest friend. You must understand, though, you would be my girlfriend only. That must be clear.

I'm not looking for a man, Jim, and I never will. I'm looking for Shirley. Will you be my Shirley, darling?"

As she held his hands tenderly and searched in his eyes, it was agreed upon. Jim had never thought he would accept such a role as this willingly. Yet, it was true he had little enough choice if he was to escape at last from Miss Teate's clutches. And, besides, he was becoming aware of a growing interest in all sorts of feminine things that he had never really taken notice of before. Perhaps it would not be an unprofitable experience in some ways, considering what a fond friendship there was in the offing. So he agreed to take Shirley's place and to play the girl's part at all times. Julia rewarded him with such a warm hug and a kiss that it seemed worthwhile.

It was decided Jim would play the part of a deaf-mute, thus eliminating the problem of compromising his disguise with his voice. It would be possible for him to study the mute alphabet from a book in the ship's library. And for identification, Julia had a complete set of Shirley's papers for Jim. With a little retouching, she could fix the dates on them so they would pass. It was only necessary to change Jim's dress so he could not be recognized. This was easy, since he was just about the

same size as Julia. The only problem was to remove Jim's restraints, which Miss Teate and Nancy had put on him.

"This is odd," Julia said when she found the little padlock at the zipper of Jim's party dress. "We cannot unfasten this dress without removing this padlock. What cunning cruelty those women had to lock you in this girl's dress! You could never get out of it in public. However, we'll soon get it off you with the scissors!" She got the scissors and cut the dress from top to bottom, letting it fall to the floor.

"Good heavens!" she cried, as she saw how the nylon slip fit on him like a glove. "How did you ever get into that slip, love? We may as well leave it on for now, as it will take a deal of wiggling to remove it, and it's an expensive piece of lingerie. But let's see what we can do about those hobbles on your thighs. You can't very well wear those for life!"

Jim raised his slip and showed her the gold shackles and chain that bound his thighs together and made him take small steps. Julia was shocked that the women put such a humiliating device on a male and force him to walk around in public like that. The bands would not move over Jim's knees, so he was forced to borrow a hairpin and pick the locks to re-

move the restraints. He was relieved when the tumblers clicked and the shackles fell open, giving his legs freedom to move naturally again. True, he still had the painful girdle to contend with, with its pointed studs of rubber attached inside the bra. But, oddly enough, he felt a certain fondness for the lovely slip and wanted to see if he might remove it later without tearing it. At present he was anxious to get to the dining table without delay. So he let Julia help him into a delightful brocade dress, changed his earrings, borrowed a new handbag, and left with her promptly for lunch.

As they walked along the deck, holding hands the way girlfriends do, Jim couldn't help enjoying the delicious part he was playing. True, at first he felt some alarm at being outside with his face made up, afraid that he might somehow be recognized. But Julia gave him such frequent looks of pleasure and approval from head to toe that his fears were soon dispelled. He knew if she could see him as her dearest girlfriend, then there must be no doubt that his appearance was very convincing. And with this realization came another change. He now found himself frankly enjoying the admiring glances he received from passers-by. With a certain mischief, he returned a few looks with the more handsome gentlemen who passed and even swayed his hips in a most alluring manner for

for their benefit. He laughed inside as they were complete duped by his clever act; the more he fooled them and sent them into raptures with his pretty high heels and lovely nylon-clad legs, the more delight it gave him. For the first time, he was discovering what fun it was being a girl!

In the dining room Julia held his hands in hers across the table. She gave him adoring looks and seemed to be bubbling with happiness. "I'm just so thrilled that I've found you, Shirley!" she said. "You can't believe how happy it's made me, dear. And you will always be Shirley now, never "Jim". No, don't try to speak--remember you can't talk, darling. Later, when we get to New York, we'll get hormone treatments for you and your voice will be naturally feminine, and everything will be perfect! Meanwhile, you must be patient and do your best, and behave like a perfect young lady at all times. If you will do this for me, darling, I'll have you stay with me always and you'll be safe with me wherever you go. We'll go places together, live together, and sleep together, just the way it used to be. Oh, I can't believe you're not my old Shirley returned to me again, you look so very much like her in every way, darling! You could be her twin sister even easier than you could be her twin brother, the way you look now!"

As Julia gazed dreamily into his eyes, Jim blushed at the idea that he appealed to her more as a girl than as a man. In fact, he realized that as a man he had no appeal for her at all. He had never dream he would be loved as one girl loves another, like a sister. Sitting here at the table in a brocade dress, he learned something new about himself--he would rather be loved as a girl at any cost than go on living in torment as a man, running away from Miss Teate and Nancy for the rest of his life. He was not frightened at the thought of hormone treatments at the idea of acquiring a girl's voice and female breasts. He would willingly do this for Julia's sake and live as a girl with her for life in return for her simple, sincere love for him as Shirley. He felt no desire to love Julia as a man loves a woman, but only as she loved her friend, Shirley. Yes, he would become Shirley and wear dresses for the rest of his life. No one would ever know his secret except Julia. And, he knew, she would never tell.

After lunch they strolled on the deck together. The sun shone dreamily through white clouds overhead, and the sea was green and mysterious. They walked arm in arm, smiling and snuggling close. For Jim every moment was a sheer delight, and each touch of the brocade dress against his legs, rustling against his nylons, filled him with ecstasy and joy. They stopped for a moment at the stern

of the ship and Julia turned to him, her eyes glowing. "Kiss me, Shirley, darling!" she cried. And they kissed. Several times they kissed, locked in each other's embrace, until Julia drew away with a mischievous look in her eyes. "Remember, sweetheart," she said, touching her finger to his lips, "Be a perfect young lady with me!" She took out her lipstick and fixed his mouth.

Later, they sat in steamer chairs and watched a passing ship. It floated lazily away in the direction of France. Jim was glad he was on the May Queen. Julia opened her purse and got her nail polish. While she was busy doing Jim's nails in a bright pink shade, he looked up and saw Miss Teate and Nancy approaching. His heart froze. He whispered to Julia to warn her. She was still polishing his nails when the two women stopped opposite them. Then Jim heard the rasping sound of Miss Teate's voice.

"Excuse me, ladies," she said, "but do you have the correct time?" Jim noticed the two women were still wearing the dresses he had put on them. He recalled exactly what their slips and lingerie looked like, and he remembered that Miss Teate's panties laced up the front and back! He felt his face tingle as he also remembered the sight of Miss Teate's bared breasts.

"Yes--it's just three o'clock," Julia told her.

Miss Teate adjusted her wristwatch, and with a murmur of thanks and a swift glance at Jim, she and Nancy turned away and left. They had not penetrated his disguise. Now he knew he was safe!

The rest of the day passed in pleasant amusements and with elegant dining. When evening came, Julia and Jim retired to the cabin for the night. Everything had gone perfectly. Julia loaned him one of her laciest negligees and donned a revealing nightgown of her own, then they cuddled together on the divan and watched television. It was such a relief to be freed from the restricting corset with its cruel rubber studs that Jim felt as if he were dreaming. Julia didn't even make him wear the modesty device. In a simple satin bra and ruffled panties under a heavenly negligee, he relaxed in her arms and let his long black curls mingle with hers as their heads rested together. In her eyes he saw the glow of love as their lips met again and again throughout the evening. And that night they slept in each other's arms.

THE END.

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